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The Waynesburg Republican.

JAS. E. SAYERS,
VOL. XI.
FIRMNESS IN THE RIGHT AS GOD GIVES US TO SEE THE RIGHT.—Lincoln.
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cy colors; Hand-bills, Blanks, Cards, Pamphlets,
etc., of every variety and style, printed at the
shortest notice. The REPUBLICAN OFFICE has
just been re-fitted, and every thing in the Print-
ing line can be executed in the most artistic
manner and at the lowest rates.

Poetry.

TWO TRAVELERS.

I.

A man passed over the road
In the early day of Spring,
When the grass was green and the flowers
Were brightly blossoming.
And never a word he spoke,
And his face was marble cold,
But millions of men above him wept,
And millions of bells were tolled.
And the cities were draped in black,
And the towns were wrapped in gloom,
"For he is dead," the people said,
"Who made the flower to bloom."
Down many a swarthy face
Unnumbered tears-drops flowed.
"For he is gone," the bondman spoke—
"Who lifted our weary load."
And they builded him a tomb
After the silent West,
And that beautiful flower that men call
Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast.

II.

A man passed over the road
Ere the summer days were dead,
And the leaves of the flower that bloomed
In Spring
He trampled with ruthless tread
And many a word he spoke,
And his arrogant face was flushed;
And laughed aloud with the noisy crowd
When the leaves of the flower were crush-
ed.
But down many a swarthy face
Flowed tears of bitterest pain,
"For he is come," the bondman spoke—
"To forge our chains again."
He must seek the tomb some time
After the silent West,
But will ever the flower which men call
Peace
Spread its leaves above his breast?

GOOD ADVICE.

Because you flourish in worldly affairs,
Don't be haughty and put on airs,
With insolent pride of station!
Don't be proud, and turn up your nose
At poorer people, in plain clothes,
But learn, for the sake of mind's repose,
That wealth's a bubble that comes and
goes!
And that all proud flesh, whomever it grows,
Is subject to irritation.

Select Reading.

JUDGE HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

The following biographical sketch
of our candidate for Supreme Judge
has been carefully prepared, and was
delivered at a public meeting held in
Pittsburg a few days since, by C. B. M.
Smith, Esq. It will be a gratification
for every Union voter to have the
pleasure of supporting such an able
and pure minded gentleman. Read
the biography.

Mr. Smith was received with rap-
turous applause, and proceeded to de-
liver the following biographical sketch
of our worthy candidate. He said:
I come here to-night, my fellow-
citizens, to perform what is to me a
pleasant duty—to join with you in
giving our adherence to the platform
of principles adopted by the great
Union Republican party of this State,
at the Convention lately held in Wil-
liamsport, and in manifesting our satis-
faction and pleasure in the nomination
by that Convention, of our fellow-citi-
zen, Hon. Henry W. Williams, as a
candidate for election to the highest
judicial position of this Common-
wealth.

While I shall express my cordial ap-
proval of the principles enunciated in
that wise, moderate and patriotic creed
of political faith, which breathes, in
every line, a love for freedom and
human rights, and mixed with no de-
mand for vengeance, by saying that I
would hardly add to, or detract, one
word therefrom, I shall leave its dis-
cussion to those able gentlemen who
may follow, and devote the brief time
allotted me upon this occasion in speak-
ing of the personal, moral, political
and judicial character of our candidate;
and it is, perhaps, fitting that I should
do this, as I have known Judge Wil-
liams longer, and more intimately, than
any person in this house.

My acquaintance with him com-
menced in college in 1833, as class
mate, and since that time I have stud-
ied with him, taught with him, and
practiced in my profession with, and
under him. I have known him as a
student, as teacher, as lawyer and as
Judge; and what is more, during all
that time, I have known him as an
intimate, personal friend. I have
known him more thoroughly than I
have ever known any other living
man, not excepting my own brother,
and I say here to-night, in presence
of this large audience, that, even were I
so disposed, I could truthfully speak
no ill of him.

Judge Williams is of the good old
revolutionary Whig stock, which
achieved our national independence in
1776, and from his ancestors he has
inherited a steady love of liberty, in-
dependence, freedom and national uni-
on, which has been strengthened by
the great events of these latter times.
He was born in the beautiful valley of
the Connecticut—a State that has given
birth to such men as Henry Baldwin,
Walter Forward, Garrison Mallory and
William Strong—and is now in the
full prime and vigor of manhood.
From the people and of them, he has
been mainly the architect of his own
fortune. His father, a well-to-do
farmer, held with most New England
fathers of that day, that it was better
for boys to help themselves than to be

dependent upon paternal savings, and
after having furnished his son with the
means of acquiring an education, he
sent him forth from the paternal home
at an early age, to make his way in
the world and fight the battle of life
unaided, save by his own energy and
talents.

In college, Judge Williams gave
promise of his future success. He be-
came at once one of the most popular
men of his class, loved and respected
by all for his correct deportment, his
kind and social disposition, his high
sense of honor, his great regard for
truth, his strict integrity, and for his
entire freedom from envy and jeal-
ousy. He immediately took high
rank as a scholar, especially as a speak-
er, a writer, a debater, a logician, and
a metaphysician, which rank he main-
tained and increased during his col-
legiate course. He graduated at Am-
herst College, Massachusetts, in the
summer of 1837, and so proud has his
alma mater been of this one of her
favorite sons that she sometime since
honored herself by bestowing upon
him the honorary degree of Doctor of
Laws. After spending the intervening
time in teaching, he commenced
reading law in the office of Ex-Chief
Justice Lourie, of this city, in the
spring of 1839, and was admitted to
the bar of this county in May, 1841.
He practiced his profession with in-
creasing success from the time of his
admission to the bar, as a partner with
his preceptor, until the latter was ap-
pointed Judge of the District Court of
this county, and then with the late
Wm. M. Shinn, until elevated for the
first time to his present position in the
fall of 1851.

As a lawyer, Judge Williams was a
cautious, safe, honest and reliable coun-
sellor, and an earnest, eloquent and
generally successful advocate. He
endeavored to keep his clients out of
the law instead of getting them in, but
when in, with a good cause, all his en-
ergies and abilities were bent to bring-
ing matters to a favorable issue. His
dealings with his clients were ever
characterized by justice and faithful-
ness. While he would never knowl-
ingly take a bad case for the sake of
fee, he never gave up a good one be-
cause his client was unable to pay
him. His intercourse with his pro-
fessional brethren was always kind,
courteous and honorable, never resort-
ing to what is called "sharp practice"
to gain an advantage over his oppo-
nent. Had he remained at the bar,
few would have met with greater suc-
cess in that most difficult, laborious
and honorable profession.

At a large and respectable Conven-
tion of the old Whig party of this
county, held on the 14th of June, 1851,
Judge Williams, then young in years
and in his profession, and without ju-
dicial experience, without solicitation
on his part was nominated by acclama-
tion, for the responsible position
which he now holds, and was placed
upon the judicial ticket of that party
with the Hon. Walter Forward, as the
candidate for President Judge of the
District Court and Hon. William
B. McClure as the candidate for Presi-
dent Judge of the Courts of Common
Pleas, &c. His opponent at the elec-
tion in the fall was Judge Shaler, a
lawyer of eminent ability and learn-
ing, who added to his other qualifica-
tions for the position an experience of
several years upon the bench, to which
the democratic party sought again to
elevate him. The result of the elec-
tion showed that the action of the Con-
vention in nominating Judge Wil-
liams, without a dissenting voice, was
peculiarly acceptable to the people.
He ran ahead of his ticket in the ward
in which he lived, in "the old Demo-
cratic Third Ward," and in the coun-
ty, beating his able opponent 2,245,
while Judge Forward's majority over
Judge Hepburn was only 1,228, and
Judge McClure's over James S. Craft
only 1,117.

So well, faithfully, impartially and
satisfactorily did Judge Williams dis-
charge the duties of his office, and so
learned, upright and useful a Judge
did he prove himself to be, in the esti-
mation of all men, that at the end of
his first judicial term of ten years, in
1861, he was nominated by acclama-
tion by the then two great parties of
the county, and was re-elected with-
out opposition from any quarter. Such
renewed evidence of popularity and
appreciation in one's own neighborhood,
and among men of all parties, are
very rare, and most clearly foreshadow
the very flattering vote which the
judge will receive from the people of
this county on the second Tuesday of
October next.

Judge Williams' manners and bear-
ing are always pleasing. In social
intercourse, he is the life of the circle
in which he mingles. Cheerful, lively
and witty, never by look or word, in-
tentionally wounding the feelings or
speaking ill of any one, he makes
friends of all. His extensive reading
and large information upon all sub-
ject, make his society sought for by the
learned and scientific. In his history,
in the classics and in the natural and
metaphysical science, there are few
more thorough and extensive students
than Judge Williams.

Judge Williams' moral and religious
character is beyond reproach. Tem-
perate and chaste in all things, truth-
ful in his words and honest and up-
right in all his dealing, neither by word
nor by act does he ever offend public de-
cency, or bring the cause of sound
morals and true religion into reproach.
Religious without Pharisaism or big-

otry, while he selects and cherishes
his own church connections, in which
he has ever been a consistent, active
and leading professor, he cheerfully,
and as a matter of principle, concedes
the right of judging and determining
for themselves to other men. No one
ever heard him denounce any man, or
any sect, for differing with him upon
theological dogmas.

In politics, Judge Williams was at
the first a Whig of the Clay and Web-
ster school, holding with the former
that protection to some extent was
necessary to encourage and foster the
industrial interests of Pennsylvania,
and with the latter that there was no
object in our politics so much to be
constantly kept in mind and maintain-
ed, in every event, as the perpetual
existence of the times gave birth to
the Republican party his far-seeing
patriotism, and his long cherished
love of the Union, led him to cast his
votes and give his influence, so far as
it was consistent with his official sta-
tion, in favor of the principles and
candidates of that party. During the
rebellion he supported the Government
and the armies of the Union by every
means in his power, upholding the
credit and authority of the former, and
encouraging by constant faith the glo-
rious success of the latter. Those in-
timate with him will not readily for-
get his energetic utterance against
treason and traitors and the strong
and emphatic manner with which he
was wont to declare that the Union
must stand, at all hazards, be pre-
served. While no partisan or ultra-
trist in politics, he is in favor of im-
provement and reform, when the
changes of the time and wants of the
people demand them.

The judicial position which Judge
Williams has held for over fifteen years
is as important and responsible as any
in the State. It has been adorned by
some of the best legal minds, and it is
not saying too much for him to say that
he has proved himself in every respect
the equal of them. During that time
he has probably tried as many and as
important commercial, and constitu-
tional cases, as any other Judge of his
years in the State, and as a commercial
and constitutional lawyer and Judge
he has no superior on the bench.
Quick to see the real point in the case
presented before him, and prompt to
decide according to the well established
rules of law and evidence, he has shown
himself a sound clear and practical
Judge, whose opinions and decisions
have been as seldom reversed by the
Supreme Court as those of any other
Judge of any other inferior Court in
the State. These opinions, many of
which have found place in our legal
reports are sound and lucid expositions
of the law of the case before him. They
always possess the merit of adhesion
to the question at issue, of clearness
and brevity. He never wanders from
the point involved, and never seeks to
inject his own notions of law or ethics
into the decisions of the Courts which
ought ever to be faithful interpretations
of Constitution and laws as they are.
He is not a Judicial law-maker, many
of whom, to the grief of the profes-
sion, we have, but a judicial law
exponent, leaving the making of the
laws to those whose business it is.
In his charge to the Jury, he lays
down the law of the case with great
clearness and leaves all questions of
fact fairly to their determinations.

Judge Williams is emphatically an
honest, impartial and just Judge. He
cannot be turned hair's breadth by
favor or by interest, from what he be-
lieves to be the justice of the cause before
him. So well is his stern integrity as a
Judge understood in this community
that no counsel or suitor ever under-
took to influence him in the decision
of a case pending before him, save by
legal testimony and sound legal argu-
ment.

Judge Williams is a christian gen-
tleman, a ripe scholar, a sound and well
read lawyer, and a just Judge, to whom
the celebrated lines of the third ode
of Horace will apply with as much force
and truth as any other man:

Justum ac tenacem propositum virum.
Non civium ardor prava jubentium.
Non vultus instantis tyranni,
Mente quiescit solida.

With such a candidate and in a
cause so worthy, our own and the other
counties of the Western part of
State will vie with Philadelphia and
her sister counties of the East in raising
the banner of freedom and the Union
still higher, and in inaugurating a cam-
paign for free principles and a united,
peaceful and happy country, which shall
culminate in the glorious victories of
1868, under the leadership of a Thom-
as, a Sheridan, a Sherman, or a Grant.

"What," asked a renowned stump
orator, who was running for the office
of constable, "what, my enlightened
friends of the Sixty-sixth militia dis-
trict, was Andrew Jackson in the bat-
tle of New Orleans? War he thar?
He war. He was a ridin' up and
down on a bottled Arabian, a wavin'
of a cracked sabre, up to the armpits
in blood and mud, and a given of the
British thunder; the genius of his
country a holdin' of her regis over his
head, cotton bales pavenancing in front
to protect him from every danger, and
the American eagle, with the stars and
stripes in its beak, a scarin' aloft in the
blue empyrean, cryin' 'Hail Colum-
bia!'"

THE NEW SOUTH.

Speech of Senator Wilson at Saratoga, July 25th 1867.

Senator Wilson of Massachusetts,
recently made an excellent speech at
Saratoga, in response to a serenade by
his political friends. His address was
a recapitulation of past events, with
their bearings upon the present and
future, rather than an argument. He
declared that when he had war he was
in favor of prosecuting it vigorously;
now that we have peace he wants to
prosecute that also vigorously. He
had delivered thirty-two speeches in
the rebel States since last spring, and
he had spoken more plainly there than
he had ever done in Massachusetts,
but he had never been met with a hiss or
an unkind word. He hoped that the
North would be generous as well as
just. Kind words addressed to the
South by Northern people will do more
than anything else for good. Mr.
Wilson's opinion was that the greatly
improved condition of that region was
brought about by the overthrow of the
President's "policy." While that
stood there was nothing but bitter
words and violent deeds. But when
Congress reversed that policy, and
was sustained by the votes of the peo-
ple who saved the Union the South
saw that it must submit, and this is
now being done with a very good
grace. The ballot, in the hands of
600,000 black men, is another power-
ful instrument for peace. The Repub-
licans never cheated or deceived the
South, and the result will be the con-
version of all these communities to a
belief in the principles of liberty and
progress.

The concluding portion of Mr. Wil-
son's speech, which we cannot give in
full, was as follows:

For one I have it not in my heart
to pursue the system of confiscation,
or any other system that shall bear
harder than those that have already
been adopted to bring them into the
country and make them a part of the
country. I don't want an Ireland or
a Poland in America. [Applause.]
But I want Free States, where every
man is the peer of every other man—
where every man, no matter what
blood may course through his veins,
no matter where he may have been
born, is a man whom God made and
for whom Christ died, and who shall
possess equal rights with everybody
else. We want Free States, free men,
and that policy that has been inaugu-
rated will be accomplished within
twelve months, and all those States
within a year will be brought back
into the Union. They will not have
the power to dictate the policy of the
country, but they will be the radical
and progressive portion of it. We
shall see these things, and I say to you
to-night gentlemen, not merely as a
partisan, but as an American citizen,
loving my country and my whole
country, that it is enough to make
the heart throb with gratitude to al-
mighty God for what we have wit-
nessed during the last seven years of
progress. [Cheers.] The friends of
the country have been misrepresented
throughout this contest. We were
told that we could not conquer these
twelve millions of people. Well, we
did it. We were told that we had no
constitutional right or power to do it.
We exercised the powers of the Con-
stitution to save the Constitution and
the country, and we have done it. Now
they tell us we have no constitutional
power to pass the laws for reconstruc-
tion; but we find the powers and have
passed the laws, and the laws will do
the work. The President of the United
States may do what he pleases; the
place that knows him will not know
him a great while. [Laughter and
applause.] The 4th of March, 1869,
at any rate, will come some time. [A
voice, "What about impeachment?"]
He may stay in till that time and he
may not. [Cheers.] It will depend if
he undertakes to violate the laws of
the country, and arrest the conduct of
the Government, he will have but a
short time to stay where he is. [Ap-
plause.] But I tell you, gentlemen, he
may do just what he pleases, he cannot
prevent anything. [Good.] Our
friends in the South, who believe in
reconstruction, in a united country, and
in freedom, three-fourths of a million
of them, will bring these States back
in spite of anything. Andrew Johnson
or anybody else can do. I look upon
Mr. Johnson just as I look upon Bull
Run. [Laughter.] Bull Run during
the war brought a sense of shame to
the cheeks of the country, but after all
it was a great lesson to the country.
Andrew Johnson seems to be a sort of
being brought into existence for a pur-
pose. He stands right there, and every
time he undertakes to do anything
against the cause of liberty and
justice, the country rallies, and goes
further than it would have gone be-
fore. [Laughter and applause.] He
got the opinion of the Attorney Gen-
eral the other day, and all over the
South the rebels reared their heads,
and began to hope again; but in a day
or two went the news on the breeze
that Congress would assemble, and the
rebels closed their lips. Congress as-
sembled and made an additional and
stronger measure than ever before. He
may undertake to set it aside if he
pleases, or do what he pleases; our
friend in the South will take care of
the cause of the country. And let me
tell you that Grant is for negro suf-
frage, not only in the South, but in the
North. [Cheers.] So is Thomas—

that great General whom his soldiers
nicknamed "Old Reliable," so is Phil.
Sheridan, and nearly every General of
the country who has made a page of
the history of this war. I find a very
large share of the men who have op-
posed us individually say it is right,
but they say they have got a great
prejudiced vote behind them, and they
must pander to that. I think it be-
comes statesman to speak the truth—
to come out in advance of the people
and maintain what is right—and the
people will follow them. There is no
portion of our countrymen so ignorant
or prejudiced who will not do the right
when they see it clearly. Such is the
present condition of the country. I
think it is a hopeful one, and it will be
better next year than it is now. The
men who emancipated four millions of
slaves and have established liberty and
justice in the land are to have the
country next year. Whether Grant
will be the candidate of those men or
not, and I think he is very likely to
be, that candidate will be elected.
There are to-day three millions of
these voters in the country who would
vote for Grant or Sheridan, or Thomas,
or Chase, or Colfax, or brave old Ben.
Wade, [applause], or any of the true
and tried men who have carried the
country thro' the dark and gloomy
days of the last seven years. But no
man who opposed the country during
that war, no man who opposed eman-
cipation, no man who opposed the civil
rights of the emancipated races, no
man who opposes negro suffrage, will
ever be President of these United
States again. [Applause.] If there
are any here to-night who desire to act
with the masses, and move with events,
and who wish to be with the successful,
respectable and triumphant, I give
them this piece of advice, that they
join the equal suffrage party at the
earliest possible moment.

THE ORIGINAL NAME.

It is not generally known what is
the significance of the aboriginal In-
dian name of our beautiful Monongahela
river. Its name, the most mystic,
flows from our tongue, and ripples
over lips never once without bringing
to mind the poetical red man of Cooper
or the bright Indian maiden of Long-
fellow. We love to think of our val-
ley as it was when Queen Alaquippa
reigned in peace, and extended to the
youthful Washington a friendly hand
and gave him hospitable welcome,
rather than when its bank was stained
and its pure water dyed with the blood
of victims to savage hate.

There is more in the name Monog-
ahela to remind one of Washington's
first than his second visit; Alaquippa
rather than Braddock's Fields.

Beautiful as it is, however, this was
not the original name of the river.
In the journal made by Rev. David
Jones, of Freehold, N. J., in the year
1772, we find that the "proper Indian
name of this river is Mchmonawogehela,
which signifies falling-in-bank-river, as it
is common for the richness of the
river's bank, from the richness of the
soil, to break and tumble down into the
stream." We have never met with this
statement before, but Greer must
have known the fact when he wrote
the following lines in his "Ode to the
Monongahela":

"—Here then
Art cradled in the fertile vale, where swarms
Of happy beings move in joyous life,
And treasures seem abundant as thy sands,
Here thou hast tossed, and dashed and rolled
against
The rock ribbed shores, and sung
Thy anthems to the sweeping winds, and
heaved,
Thy troubled bosom to the frowning clouds,
I've seen thee beat the rocks with surges mad;
And too, I've seen thee send thy billows out
And drag the banks into thy purling depths."

This Journal of Rev. Jones was
kept by him when on a Missionary
tour through the country from the
Miami to Fort Pitt, in 1772, and is
published in full in Cist's Antiquities
of the West.—Monongahela Republi-
can.

American Hints to English Estates.

Every now and then some great es-
tate in England falls into chancery for
want of heirs direct, and there is a
great bother among the "collaterals"
in this country. The longer the mat-
ter has been in litigation, of course,
the greater the number of claimants.
In such a condition is the great Jen-
nings estate, and still more recently, a
discovery has been made of a vast
property lying *perdu* for a century
past, to which the members of the
Brown family are supposed to be heirs.
This estate is said to amount to some
billions of dollars; but, then, think of
the infinitesimal division it must un-
dergo to give every member of the
Brown family his or her just propor-
tion! The Browns are almost as nu-
merous—or rather innumerable—as
the well known family of Smiths. Sup-
pose that the heirs expectant should
decide to go to England in a body to
see personally after their claim. It
would be an invasion! John Bull
would instantly imagine a new and
formidable Fenian descent. The fleet
carrying these "cousins" would be ta-
ken for a modern armada. As yet,
however, the paper from which the
notice of this windfall is taken reports
that only one hundred representatives
of the Brown family have gathered
together in Boston to "raise means to
prosecute their claim." The raising
of means must be the easiest matter
of all. Just let every true Brown sub-
scribe a dime—or even a penny—and
the lawyers' fees and expenses will be
magnificently provided for. Success
to the Browns.—New York Post.

A FRENCH journal tells an enter-
taining anecdote of the fidelity of a
porter to his charge. The Empress
Eugenie recently presented herself at
the Isthmus of Suez gate of the Expo-
sition before the hour of opening. The
porter refused to admit Her Majesty,
although she named M. de Lesseps as
her friend. "Ah! they all say that,"
retorted the gatekeeper. The Em-
press insisted that the great canal-maker
would instantly admit her were he
there, but could not prevail. She
then played her last card—"But if I
were to tell you that I am the Em-
press?" "I should not believe you,"
was the rejoinder. A lady of honor,
however, at length convinced the por-
ter that the applicant was the Empress,
and then the gate opened. Some offi-
cious person proposed to dismiss the
faithful man, but the Empress inter-
vened and saved him.

"1. The Day I Celebrate.—If I
go thro' with a whole shirt and a
whole hide, well and good; if not, let
'em rip. One gun, three cheers. Mu-
sic on fife. Tune—'Yankee Doodle!'"

"2. All hail, sweet-Independence, hail!
To these we'll tribute pay:
Let every nigger set his part,
Now slavery's done away."

One gun, three cheers. Music on
banjo. Tune—"Dandy Jim."

"3. George Washington and Abra-
ham Lincoln.—The two great Apos-
tles of Freedom; the former delivered
our country from British tyranny, the
latter knocked the shackles of slavery
from four millions of human beings at
one single blow. While gratitude re-
mains in the human breast, the praise
of these two great men will dwell on
the tongues of all true patriots. One
gun, six cheers. Music on German
flute. Tune—"Washington's Grand
March."

"4. The Jewel of Liberty.—May it
ever be kept safe in the ark of Free-
dom. One gun, three cheers. Music
on violin. Tune—"Liberty Tree."

"5. The perjured rebel out-throats
of the South.—When the devil gets
back to where he fell from, then may
they get back to the halls of Congress,
and not till then. One gun, three
cheers. Music on octave flute. Tune
—"Go to the devil and shake your-
self."

"6. President Johnson.—If the cop-
per in his heart and the brass in his
face were melted together, we would
have bell-metal enough to pay our war
debt and have enough left to purchase
a ton of hemp, so much needed in the
South. One gun, no cheers, no music,
one hiss.

"7. Jeff Davis.—We never heard
tell of his raising hemp, but we do
sincerely hope to hear tell of hemp
raising him before he has a chance to
die a natural death. One gun, six
cheers. Music on accordion. Tune—
"Logan Water;" (death march).

"8. Died very suddenly (political-
ly) on the 6th of November last, pre-
cisely at sunset, in the Fourth Con-
gressional district of New Jersey, with
all the fearful symptoms of nigger-
phobia, Andrew Jackson Preamble
Rogers; peace to his ashes and a slow
resurrection. One gun and a whistle
on crocodile tears. Music on tin whistle.
Tune—"Rogue's March."

"9. Our last Presidential election.—
George B. McClellan got votes 21,
while his soul goes marching on. One

gun, three cheers. Music on Jewish
cymbal. Tune—"John Brown."

"10. The Nutmeg State.—If it ever
means to supply the market with cop-
per nutmeg graters, we think now is
the time. One gun, three cheers.
Music on bass violin. Tune—"Hail
Columbia."

"11. Old Sussex.—When we look at
its mountains and its valleys, its rocks
and its hills, Sprout Hill in particular,
we think nature formed it on purpose
for a den of copperheads. One gun,
nine unearthly hisses.

"12. The Fair Sex.—The late fash-
ion affords scarcely material enough to
cover their scalps, to say nothing of
their waterfalls; may we soon see bon-
nets once more. One gun and a smile.
Music on jewsharp. Tune—"Barney,
let the girls alone." B. LANE."

THE ORIGINAL NAME.

It is not generally known what is
the significance of the aboriginal In-
dian name of our beautiful Monongahela
river. Its name, the most mystic,
flows from our tongue, and ripples
over lips never once without bringing
to mind the poetical red man of Cooper
or the bright Indian maiden of Long-
fellow. We love to think of our val-
ley as it was when Queen Alaquippa
reigned in peace, and extended to the
youthful Washington a friendly hand
and gave him hospitable welcome,
rather than when its bank was stained
and its pure water dyed with the blood
of victims to savage hate.

There is more in the name Monog-
ahela to remind one of Washington's
first than his second visit; Alaquippa
rather than Braddock's Fields.

Beautiful as it is, however, this was
not the original name of the river.
In the journal made by Rev. David
Jones, of Freehold, N. J., in the year
1772, we find that the "proper Indian
name of this river is Mchmonawogehela,
which signifies falling-in-bank-river, as it
is common for the richness of the
river's bank, from the richness of the
soil, to break and tumble down into the
stream." We have never met with this
statement before, but Greer must
have known the fact when he wrote
the following lines in his "Ode to the
Monongahela":

"—Here then
Art cradled in the fertile vale, where swarms
Of happy beings move in joyous life,
And treasures seem abundant as thy sands,
Here thou hast tossed, and dashed and rolled
against
The rock ribbed shores, and sung
Thy anthems to the sweeping winds, and
heaved,
Thy troubled bosom to the frowning clouds,
I've seen thee beat the rocks with surges mad;
And too, I've seen thee send thy billows out
And drag the banks into thy purling depths."

This Journal of Rev. Jones was
kept by him when on a Missionary
tour through the country from the
Miami to Fort Pitt, in 1772, and is
published in full in Cist's Antiquities
of the West.—Monongahela Republi-
can.

American Hints to English Estates.

Every now and then some great es-
tate in England falls into chancery for
want of heirs direct, and there is a
great bother among the "collaterals"
in this country. The longer the mat-
ter has been in litigation, of course,
the greater the number of claimants.
In such a condition is the great Jen-
nings estate, and still more recently, a
discovery has been made of a vast
property lying *perdu* for a century
past, to which the members of the
Brown family are supposed to be heirs.
This estate is said to amount to some
billions of dollars; but, then, think of
the infinitesimal division it must un-
dergo to give every member of the
Brown family his or her just propor-
tion! The Browns are almost as nu-
merous—or rather innumerable—as
the well known family of Smiths. Sup-
pose that the heirs expectant should
decide to go to England in a body to
see personally after their claim. It
would be an invasion! John Bull
would instantly imagine a new and
formidable Fenian descent. The fleet
carrying these "cousins" would be ta-
ken for a modern armada. As yet,
however, the paper from which the
notice of this windfall is taken reports
that only one hundred representatives
of the Brown family have gathered
together in Boston to "raise means to
prosecute their claim." The raising
of means must be the easiest matter
of all. Just let every true Brown sub-
scribe a dime—or even a penny—and
the lawyers' fees and expenses will be
magnificently provided for. Success
to the Browns.—New York Post.

A FRENCH journal tells an enter-
taining anecdote of the fidelity of a
porter to his charge. The Empress
Eugenie recently presented herself at
the Isthmus of Suez gate of the Expo-
sition before the hour of